


THE GUIDON

JANUARY, 1906



State Female Normal School
FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA



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THE GUIDON

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THE GUIDON

“It were better

Youth should strive through acts uncouth

Toward making, than repose upon aught found made.”

—*Browning.*

VOL. 2

JANUARY, 1906.

No. 4

New Year Bells.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more,
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Some Good Resolutions for the New Year.

RESOLVED:

That the next issue of THE GUIDON be composed entirely of voluntary contributions and presented as an entire surprise to the faculty. THE EDITORS.

RESOLVED:

That all holidays are very advantageous to the welfare of the school and that hereafter Saturday will be given for the preparation of Sunday-school lessons, and Monday for recuperation—after Sunday night.

MR. JARMAN.

RESOLVED:

That the pages of Black Beauty be no more marred by the names of the shining lights of the Normal School, but that instead, the names of the august body who are late for chapel shall be recorded. MISS TABB.

RESOLVED:

That the bill of fare adopted during the holidays shall not be continued during the spring term for the sole reason that the girls' health might not be able to stand the strain.

THE DOMESTIC DEPARTMENT.

RESOLVED:

That the occupants of the infirmary—sane or otherwise—will be fed on Peter's chocolate. HEAD NURSE.

RESOLVED:

All gymnastic "stunts" will hereafter be abolished except a professional course in prize fighting and a physical exercise invented by St. Vitus. MISS HILLS.

RESOLVED:

1. That tests will be given at any crucial moment except Saturday morning—Friday night, if preferred.
2. That no more maps be drawn except maps of crooked and narrow ways that lead to "Uncle Pat's" after dark.

MISS BLACKISTON.

RESOLVED:

That no more written lessons, triangles, cubes, squares, or other stumbling blocks be placed along the royal road of learning to hinder the progress of future mathematicians.

MATH. TEACHERS.

RESOLVED:

To start a crusade against tardiness both in meeting and dismissing classes, and not to allow my civics class to forget me.

DR. SEARS.

RESOLVED:

Silence (!?) A word in time saves nine.

THE LIBRARIAN.

RESOLVED:

1. That by our interest and constant encouragement we will assist frail humanity in the keeping of these resolutions.
2. That a copy of these resolutions be posted on every blackboard and also published in THE GUIDON.

THE STUDENT BODY.

MARY DUPUY, Cunningham.

The Princess.

TENNYSON pictures the Princess as very different from most of the heroines of his poems. The many women of Tennyson's earlier volumes are conventional but they are the best of their kind. We find, for example, Adeline, shadowy, dreamy; Eleanor serene, imperial; Madaline, perfect in love; Margaret pale and pensive. They are all delightful, all lovable, but none eminently intellectual; they would surely tell us that men hated learned women.

We cannot help but notice the importance attached by Tennyson to love and marriage as the portion of women, to home as her first duty. So when he took up the question of woman's rights in the Princess he was likely to deal with it temperately.

The mother of the Princess Ida died when she was very young, and Ida was left under the care of Lady Blanche and her father.

"His name was Gama, crack'd and small his voice
But bland the smile that like a wrinkled wind
On glassy water drove his cheek in lines,
A little dry old man, without a star,
Not like a king."

The keynote to his character was indolence. He could never do a noble deed because he thought it was not worth the trouble. He could not advise his daughter because of his weakness of character. He never tried to control Ida; she went her way, he went his, and both were contented so long as all went well. But his was not the kind of character needed to guide the Princess, for her mother said, just before she died:—

"Our Ida has a heart,
But see that some one with authority
Be near her still!"

Ida was a very beautiful girl; her proud, noble face won the heart of all who knew her. The words of the Prince describe her:

“ All beauty compass’d in a female form,
The Princess; liken to the inhabitant
Of some clear planet closer upon the sun
Than our man’s earth, such eyes were in her head
And so much grace and power breathing down
From over her arch’d brows.”

She had many suitors, among them a prince from a distant land whom she had never seen but to whom she was betrothed from childhood.

Lady Blanche knew that Ida was betrothed to a certain prince. Because of her jealous disposition and her desire to have entire control of the Princess, she determined in her soul that Ida should never marry him. How to accomplish this she did not know but she knew that Ida rarely thought of him, her nature was such that she would much rather be alone or with her dearest friend, Lady Psyche to dream and meditate. Her noble nature was filled with high ideals, she strove to be what a princess should be, she realized her royal blood, her dignity and her station in life and she longed to live up to it. Her creed was:

“ Better not be at all than not be noble.”

Lady Blanche knew that Ida thought of all things knowledge was the best, so suggested the idea of founding a college of women in which the Princess would preside, and that by conversing with the old and educating the young she might divide her time between the acquisition and communication of wisdom and raise up to the next age models of prudence and patterns of piety. The Princess was pleased with the plan and having none to oppose her, founded the university. After a time the students arrived.

Ida’s education had been from books rather than Nature and on account of this there was no practical side to this plan. The girls were taken from the ordinary influences of life, they were taught that knowledge is all in all. Ida’s purpose was to build a fold far off from men, to which no man should be ad-

mitted "on pain of death." She herself purposed never to wed and was ready to make any sacrifice for the college which she believed was just and right.

She must be pardoned for her belief that mere knowledge would supply all the elements of the higher education. She used Pope's phrase, "Drink deep," and she followed it with a high purpose.

With such a woman as Ida to tend it, the drooping flower of knowledge would, in due time, be changed to the fruit of wisdom.

The girls of the college murmured after a time. They tired of the regulations, they dreaded Ida's stern rules, "her iron will, that axe-like edge unturnable." Even had the Prince never come to the university it would doubtless have been unsuccessful. Ida, in sweet humility, said she had failed. Her labors were in vain but with a good intention none the less. We are tempted to add in the words of the Prince:

"My princess! O my princess! true she errs
But in her own grand way, being herself
Three times more noble than three-scores of men.
She sees herself in every woman else
And so she wears her error like a crown."

—After the college failed and the Prince had been discovered Ida breaks out in wrath. But was not her anger righteous? Did it not show nobleness of character? The cause to which she had given her life was overthrown, her hopes were blasted, her friends treacherous, and she felt her whole life was a ruin. When the Prince told her of his love, of how he had loved her all these years, her anger was beyond control and she exclaimed with wonderful sarcasm:—

"I wed with thee! I bound by precontract
Your bride, your bond slave! not though all the gold
That veins the world were pack'd to make your crown
And every spoken tongue should lord you. Sir,
Your falsehood and yourself are hateful to us:
I trample on your offers and on you."

We are not to feel that she scorned love, nor that she had no tenderness. Beneath her pride and self-confidence were all the

lovelier qualities of true womanhood. These qualities were shown to her brothers, who were willing to fight for her because they loved her almost to idolatry.

It was not until her friends had gone, her brothers and the Prince wounded in battle and her hopes destroyed that she found comfort in a child. It was Psyche's child—a mere babe—but what a change it wrought in the mind of that noble woman! Not that her purpose was changed, far from it. She still wanted to do that which would improve and elevate woman, but she found she was not going about it in the right way. The result of this was, she begged them to bring the wounded Prince there and let her nurse him. She studied human nature, and after much persuasion forgave the Lady Psyche.

She tended the Prince day and night, doing all she did well. The Prince grew worse and worse; she bore it bravely, until one day she found around his neck a picture of herself and a tress of hair. Then the woman, who for so long had been too brave, too man-like to shed a tear, wept. For the first time she realized that she loved the Prince and what a noble virtue love is. She understood that her noble goal woman reaches by the pathway of the heart.

“ Not learned, save in gracious household ways,
Not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants,
No angel, but a dearer being, all dipt
In angel instincts, breathing Paradise,
Interpreter between the gods and men,
'Til at last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words;
And so these twain, upon the skirts of Time,
Sit side by side, full-summ'd in all their powers,
Dispensing harvest, sowing the to-be,
Self-reverent each and reverencing each,
Distinct in individualities,
But like each other even as those who love.
Then comes the statelier Eden back to men;
Then reign the world's great bridals, chaste and calm;
Then springs the crowning race of human kind.
May these things be !”

FRANK JONES, '07.

Argus.

Thoughts Suggested by an Old Fireplace.

THE old fireplace occupies one half, it seems, of one side of the old sitting room. It is very much dilapidated, almost all of one jamb being entirely gone, but here it is still a monument to the past. The back wall is very far from the front, leaving such a wide space that it looks as though a cord of wood could be placed there. The hearth is of three large pieces of rock, worn very smooth by long usage. It looks as if it would serve for centuries yet to come, though now in the eyes of a twentieth century person it seems very much out of date.

As one looks at the old fireplace one feels instinctively that it belongs to the past. Those stones have not been placed there by a modern mason; that immense opening would look strangely out of place in a modern room. Pictures of the hardships of those days flash across the mind as one thinks that perhaps it has been built in this manner that it might send out light to serve as a protection from the wild beasts as much as for comfort.

Nothing better represents the past than the old fireplace. It represents the time before so many stoves were used for heating and such a thing as a cooking stove was known; when giant trees waved aloft over this land of ours and furnished fuel for almost universal use in our homes. It represents the time when there was very little machinery; when the spinning wheel, loom, and woman's patient fingers manufactured nearly all the clothing. Indeed, the old fireplace seems like the brush of a powerful painter, showing us pictures of the past.

An open fire! It is not hard to imagine the cheer and comfort brought by this old fireplace in the long ago. The great log would be placed in the back, other wood in proportion; then as the blaze roared and crackled up the great chimney, throwing out its light over the whole room, surely that was a place in

which to be merry. Even if some of its occupants had come in weary and discouraged, they would feel hope and courage return under the influence of that open fire.

If the old fireplace could speak perhaps it would tell of the time when its first owner had brought home his bride, and how the young pair had knelt and asked God's blessing on them. Then it would tell of how happy children had played around it, and that these had grown into stalwart youths and lovely maidens who had made that home an earthly Paradise. Then a pause, and it would say there had been a change. One by one, these had gone to fill their places in the world, and the gray-haired parents had been left alone. How softly the firelight shone on their bowed heads as they knelt in the evening and thanked God for His goodness and asked His blessing on their children! The picture would change again, and the old fireplace would say that finally the old people had died and strangers had come to live in the old home. Then all had gone and it had been left alone; alone, to see all that was familiar destroyed; alone, to brood over the past.

The old fireplace seems to stand as a thing apart, somewhat out of place in this bustling time. Its day of supremacy was in the long ago; then it was the center of home and home life. The great forests that furnished the immense amount of fuel it consumed have disappeared. Its champions, too, are gone, and the people of this country are rather inclined to look upon it with disdain, or rather as something entirely out of date. One can almost imagine that the old fireplace, conscious of this, grows scornful, and turning its face from the present looks backward to the past.

C. P. D.

Christmas Emblems and Their Significance.

EVERYTHING connected with Christmas has been written about again and again so that there is nothing new to tell.

There is a class of things, however, that never grows old with repetition, but whose beauty shines out clearer with each rehearsal. To this class belong all facts about Christmas.

Christmas is the time when we celebrate Christ's birthday and yet the date of Christ's birth is unknown and authorities tell us that it could not have been in December which is the rainy season in Palestine, thus rendering it impossible for the shepherds to have been watching their flocks by night. Why, then, was the twenty-fifth of December chosen? The answer comes from our pagan ancestors.

All pagan nations held great religious celebrations at this season of the year, and the early fathers, realizing that it was not wise to deprive their new converts of all their festivals, took the time-honored date and gave it a new meaning; adjusted their greatest religious celebration to agree with the celebration of the winter solstice. It is ever the part of wisdom not to destroy that which is old but to fill it with good.

The most ancient worship known is the worship of the sun, the giver of heat and light. This worship was prevalent with all ancient nations, and fire was worshipped as an emblem of purity.

In Persia, each family rose early every morning and as their great god ascended higher in the heavens, shedding his beneficent beams abroad, they kindled a fire in his honor and the father turned his face toward the great light-giver and offered his morning prayer.

But it was in mid-winter, when the sun halted in his course and seemed to look upon them with lingering pity, that all nations gave their heartiest thanks and piled on their biggest logs.

Why did they render their greatest homage at a time when the sun's power seemed weakest rather than when his beams were strongest and brought the greatest blessings to the earth? The human race has always been prone to show less gratitude when the greatest blessings have been bestowed and to worship most when in the direst need. Thus, as the nights grew longer and longer, our pagan ancestors were terrified lest the great god should leave them entirely to cold and darkness. We cannot wonder, then, that they gave him a royal welcome when he began his victorious return, bringing warmer sunshine, longer days, and by-and-by the grass and flowers.

Their rejoicing extended to sympathy with others and the desire that all should rejoice together.

From the sun-worshippers comes the burning of the Yule-log which has been transmitted to us from the Scandinavians. At their feast of Juul, at the winter solstice, huge bonfires were kindled in honor of their god Odin. A great log was dragged in by a yoke of oxen on the day preceding the festival and placed in the fire-place. While the log lasted, feasting and merriment ran high. Games, songs, and legends made the walls echo with mirth.

The name Yule is identified with a word meaning "to wheel," referring to the sun's wheeling, or his upward course.

In England, the log is cut in the spring and brought to the house on Christmas eve by men and boys with merry singing. "As soon as the log is placed and has caught the flame, the great Yule candles are lighted, the cup goes merrily round, and song, toast, tale, and dance make up a joyous evening."

Before the log quite burns out, a piece of it is put away for lighting the Christmas log next year. A piece of the Yule-log was once thought to prevent the lightning from striking the house and evil spirits from entering it during the year.

The winter season of rejoicing was called Saturnalia among the Romans. No war was declared and no capital executions allowed during the festival days. Gifts were sent to the poor, and the slaves were made to sit at the table while their masters waited on them.

“What could be more appropriate than the bringing into one celebration the joy over the prospect and advent of earthly comfort and good cheer with the joy over the prospect and advent of peace and good-will among men. And that is the reason our Christmas seems a combination of material comforts realized in feasting and the expression of man’s fellowship in deeds of charity, forgiveness, and love.”

Christmas would scarcely have the same significance to some of us without the holly and mistletoe. The custom of using holly for decorative purposes is one of considerable antiquity and has been regarded as a survival of the Roman Saturnalia, or of the old Teutonic practice of hanging the interior of dwellings with evergreens as a refuge for the fairies and wood spirits from the inclemency of the winter weather.

In Rutland, England, it is deemed unlucky to bring a piece of holly into the house before Christmas eve. In some English rural districts, the prickly and non-prickly are designated as “male” and “female” holly, and the tradition obtains that according as the holly brought into the house at Christmas is smooth or prickly, the wife or the husband will be master for the coming year. The possession of a branch of holly that has adorned a church at Christmas, if it has berries on it, is supposed to bring a lucky year.

“O brave is the laurel ! and brave the holly !
But the mistletoe banisheth melancholy.”

The use of the mistletoe is an inheritance from the Druids. To them the oak was a sacred tree and anything found growing on it was regarded as sent from heaven. The mistletoe, then, was their sacred plant, vested with many mystic virtues. At their winter celebration, they held their banquet under the oak. The white-robed priest climbed the tree and cut a branch of mistletoe with a golden hook, then offered sacrifices, praying God to bless his gift to them.

The mistletoe is connected with the story of Baldur the Beautiful, one of the gods of the Northland. Everything that grew out of the earth promised not to harm Baldur. But the god Loki was jealous of Baldur, and he found out that the

mistletoe, which did not grow out of the earth, had not made the same promise. He made haste to bring the little shrub to the play-ground of the gods and gave it to the blind god Hoder, directing him to throw it at Baldur. So Hoder threw the tiny branch and Baldur fell pierced by the feeble mistletoe.

Kissing under the mistletoe was a very old custom. Branches of the mistletoe loaded with berries were hung overhead in the center of the hall, and a young girl found under them might be kissed by the young man who was fortunate enough to find her there. Every kiss plucked a berry, and the privilege of kissing continued as long as the berries lasted. This was serious sport, for the girl who was not kissed under the mistletoe need not expect her wedding day within the year.

St. Distaff's Day was originally kept too. This was the last day of the Christmas holidays and was intended partly for work and partly for play. The boys and girls spent half the day at work and the remaining half playing games and having a merry time. On this day all the Christmas greens were taken down, for to leave them up longer was considered an omen of bad luck.

Another of our best loved Christmas emblems which is a heathen custom, is the tree.

Germany is the original home of the Christmas tree. Dr. Van Dyke tells a beautiful story of the first Christmas tree. According to his story, Winfried, one of the early fathers in the church, and his little band of followers came to the German forests to teach those pagan people the gospel of Christ. As they pushed on through the snow on a bleak December night, they came upon a large assembly of the tribes gathered about their bonfire which they had built around the sacred oak. They were preparing to offer sacrifices to appease the wrath of their great god Thor. Winfried entered the circle and stood quiet till the beautiful little son of Gundhar, the prince, was chosen for the sacrifice. As the sacred hammer of Thor was poised above the boy's fair head, one keen cry shrilled out from where the women stood: "Me! Take me! Not Bernhard!" The flight of the mother toward her child was swift as the falcon's swoop. But swifter still was the hand of the deliverer, Winfried, who

thrust aside the hammer, and the black stone, striking the altar's edge, split in twain.

He then gave them his message from the true God and declared that Thor was a helpless god, and to prove it, felled the tree sacred to him. He told them that this was the birth-night of Christ, the son of the All-Father. "And here," he said as his eyes fell upon the fir tree, "is the living tree, with no stain of blood upon it, that shall be a sign of your new worship. See how it points to the sky. Let us call it the tree of the Christ-child. Take it up and carry it to the chieftain's hall. You shall go no longer into the shadows of the forest to keep your feasts with secret rites of shame. You shall keep them at home with laughter and song and love. The thunder oak has fallen, and I think the day is coming when there shall not be a home in Germany where the children are not gathered around the green fir-tree to rejoice in the birth-night of Christ."

They carried the little fir joyously to the house of Gundhar and set it up in the hall. "They kindled lights among the branches until it seemed to be tangled full of fire-flies." While the children encircled it, wondering, Winfried stood in one end of the hall and told the story of Bethlehem, of the babe in the manger, of the shepherds on the hills, of the host of angels and their midnight song. And, as the people listened, some said the angels were singing behind the tree, but others said it was the little band at the other end of the hall chanting their Christmas hymn:

" All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace !
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin and never cease."

Santa Claus, the Dutch name for Saint Nicholas, is also of German origin. Saint Nicholas was bishop of Myra in the fourth century. He carried out the scriptural injunction: "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth." He distributed gifts among the poor and needy children, always giving with secrecy, often coming at night and placing the gifts in the stockings the recipient had taken off, where it was sure to be found in the

early morning. If a gift came mysteriously the peasant folk would say, Saint Nicholas brought it." It is therefore natural that he should have a part in this the most joyous celebration of the year for children. Hence must come the mystery, the delight of being surprised that is one of the dearest joys of Christmas.

Throughout civilized times, the bell has been intimately associated with all kinds of religious and social ceremonies and important historical events. Bells early summoned soldiers to arms, as well as citizens to the bath or senate, and, with the establishment of the Christian church, they called Christians to worship. As the Christmas service was early associated with the church, the bell came to be one of the first Christian emblems. The use of bells at Christmas is more widespread in England than in our country, and their full significance is given in the following beautiful stanzas from Teunyson:

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold,
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

The glory of the star of Bethlehem that shimmered its radiation over the fields where the shepherds kept watch is renewed every Christmas. It is purely a Christian emblem. All of us are familiar with how the star guided the wise men from the east to where the Christ-child lay.

The idea of jollity, feasting, and mirth comes from the pagans, but all holier and purer thoughts, and acts of generosity and love have come from the advent of this star.

"Yet doth the Star of Bethlehem shed
A lustre pure and sweet;
And still it leads, as once it led,
To the Messiah's feet.

O, Father, may that holy star
Grow every year more bright,
And send its glorious beams afar
To fill the world with light."

GEORGIANA E. STEPHENSON, '06.

Cunningham.

A Plea for Our School of Experience.

THE varied experiences of the girls who have gone out from our school might be made a feature of much interest in THE GUIDON. Scattered here and there in the world, filling their mission to the best of their ability, would they not often like to know how their former friends and classmates are faring? Each teacher knows her own peculiar difficulties and is conscious of her own success and failures. It would be helpful and encouraging to know that others are walking the same way, striving to overcome the same hinderances. A busy teacher has little or no time for a large correspondence, so it is hard for her to keep in touch with her old classmates, however dearly she may hold them in memory. We too, who are here, are interested to know what is going on in the school room where we hope soon to take our places.

This year we have set apart several pages in our school magazine for such a purpose. It is earnestly desired that all former students will make use of this means of exchanging experiences, as well as to let us hear from them. Something of special interest doubtless happens in your school-room every day. Will you not tell us of it? Of course no one wishes to hear of the inevitable "blue day." It is the little experiences, the incidents and accidents, at times humorous, at times pathetic, that you will enjoy telling, and that others will hear with pleasure. Will you not help to make this department of the magazine instructive? Instructive? Yes, for some of these happenings, apparently trivial, often throw a flood of light on the home life of a child, or open up to the teacher's gaze some long pent up need of a little one's heart. Here, too, we may find if we look for it, the poetry and pathos of real life, and much for serious reflection.

Some of the girls have already responded to this request of ours. We hope that every one of you will begin the New Year with some interesting experience for THE GUIDON.

E. C. V., Cunningham.

The Story of a Horse.

TWO days after the surrender at Appomattox, a little group of confederates stood on the western slope of Willis mountain discussing the probable position and movements of the yankee army. The youngest member of the party had just declared his intention of going home that night "yankees or no yankees." Then the group scattered and two wayfarers emerged from the shadows into the open road—a boy in a gray uniform, mounted on a strong bay horse, and an old negro servant, riding a shetland pony.

The two journeyed on for some time without adventure, but kept a close watch on all sides. This vigilance was soon rewarded by the sight of two mounted travelers, approaching at a quick trot. A little nearer and the blue and the gray could distinguish each other, and five minutes later our friends found themselves the prisoners of a yankee officer. The young confederate gave his name and the further information that he belonged to the Richmond Fayette artillery which had been disbanded at Lynchburg. He had started home and strongly objected to delays of all kinds. The officer inquired whether he had been paroled, and insisted that, as he had not, he must yield himself his prisoner. The boy tried in vain to discover the purpose of his captor, but received only evasive answers to his questions, concerning what the officer was pleased to call his duty. As there was nothing else to be done, he decided to make the best of the situation; and proving better than most people, perhaps, what a boy can do with a ready tongue and a frank manner, he rode up along-side and proceeded to "make friends." After a snub or too he began to gain ground, and in less than half an hour they had not only discovered that they had some friends in common but the officer had finally consented to accept the present of a pair of gloves—brand new gloves

crocheted by the young rebel's sister! "He wouldn't need them anyway; he was going home."

"Then we are going in the wrong direction," said the officer. Laughing, he drew rein, turned, and the four retraced their way to where they had first met. Here the prisoners were discharged, and with a cheerful "good luck to you," the officer and his orderly rode away into the twilight.

Profiting by this experience, our young adventurer had about decided to wait for the friendly cover of darkness and had taken up a position behind a large bluff, when he was surprised and overtaken by his former captors. The officer returned to say that he found the way of escape cut off by the retreating army and that he had a better plan to suggest. In a few minutes our young friend found himself donning a blue uniform while the orderly, exchanging with him, took up the role of prisoner.

In this guise they began the journey once more and soon fell in with a division of the army, which they joined without receiving any special notice. Darkness fell at last, and the officer with his companions gradually fell back to the rear and finally halted. He then inquired whether they were "near home." The prisoner joyfully admitted that they were very near. "Then you won't mind walking a bit. I'm afraid I shall need your horse!"

The words brought a flash of intelligence to the boy and he left the rest of his thanks unspoken. The officer took a hasty leave and as there was nothing to be done our rebel friend swallowed his wrath as best he might, with a few observations on the unreliability of all yankees. He once more took up the homeward march, his resentment somewhat tempered by the joyful anticipations of "going home."

We will leave the realization of his hopes to the imagination of the reader, and turn our attention to another scene of "home going" something more than forty years later.

* * * * *

One of the ninety and nine damsels who entered Mr. Cox's office on the morning of December 21st to ask questions about

holiday tickets and baggage, found that good gentleman in a pleasant state of excitement. On the table lay a check from the war department, bearing the explanatory note, "for horse and baggage!"

As he looks at it, memory takes him swiftly back over a lapse of forty years to the day when a confederate veteran in a yankee uniform was told to "run along home." At the time he was ignorant of the fact that the terms of Lee's surrender provided that no soldier should be obliged to give up his horse or side arms. Many years later he was advised to enter a claim for his stolen property, and did so, but with little thought of ever hearing from it.

Under the genial influence of the Christmas season he seems to regard it not so much an act of belated justice as a Christmas gift from "Uncle Sam" and his almost forgotten horse as a veritable "gift horse."

Editorials.

Good resolutions are no better than good dreams unless they are executed.—*Emerson*.

New Year Resolutions. New Year resolutions have almost become a joke. What is the cause of this? Is it our own fault? Must we then go on in the same old way without any desire or effort on our part to improve ourselves and the world in general? We all wish for things to be better, "but we have not the courage to improve that person whose faults we know best, whose failings make the greatest difference in our lives." Without self improvement there can be very little improvement in things around us, because "the first step toward making things in general better is to strive to make ourselves better." Perhaps few of the New Year resolutions that are made are ever kept long. But is it not better to have the desire to improve even though we have not the strength to carry out our plans, than not even wish for improvement?

The beginning of the year is a time to pause and review our past history and a time to discover something that the future may hold for us. The name of the month comes from the name of the two-faced Latin god Janus—he who looks two ways. Nearly all people have the idea that it is a good thing to take a fresh start: to put off the old and put on the new.

"When the first of January comes the world laughs, with gentle irony, at its New Year resolutions; laughs because they are the same old resolutions made long ago, broken every year, but brought out every year with the same flourish as new. And so we laugh sadly, not at the resolutions but at our poor way of keeping them. Hope springs anew in the human breast, and this year we say to ourselves we will keep them."

Signs of the month—Open door, hour glass, scythe, tests, tickets.

A good resolution—I resolve to start the New Year with a subscription to THE GUIDON.

Just a Word About Books. There have been more books printed this last year than ever before in the history of the world. Every week the press turned out countless thousands of them. There are books on science, books of travel, books of every imaginable kind of fiction—in fact every subject under the sun worthy of mention has received due attention.

We must use our critical judgment these days. We must learn to choose wisely from this world of books, or more harm than good will be the result. It is necessary to be able to choose the good from the bad if we are to receive the full benefit from the progress we feel is being made in this direction.

Along with this word of warning must go a plea for the works of standard authors. Can we afford to spend our time on a book that will live perhaps but for a single season when we can spend it with men who have solved life's mysteries, who have found the highest and best life can give and are able to teach us these lessons? No, a thousand times, no; and so during these busy days when we are trying to slip in some reading with our work let us choose that which will be of lasting good to us.

A New Year Custom. The Chinese have this idea of winding up the past year and starting anew, for all debts must be paid when the New Year opens. The debtor is given one day of grace and then is imprisoned if he has not the money to satisfy his creditors. A man who is unable to pay may be seen carrying a lighted lantern through the streets in broad daylight, in token that he is busily looking for the money, that his whole mind is on nothing else, that he is doing his best. When thus seen he cannot be imprisoned. Whether he finds the money in the street or not, the creditor bestirs himself to such a good purpose that few debts are left unsettled from year to year.

The treasurer of THE GUIDON has been heard to say, with a sigh, that *some* of the Chinese customs are worthy of imitation.

We the Staff are determined with your assistance to make the magazine better than it has ever been.

An Ominous Sign. We learn with deep regret that the Faculty are vigorously playing basket ball. Nobody understands why they need to practice any kind of *pitching*.

School Unity. "In union there is strength." If asked for our opinion upon this maxim most of us would, without hesitation, reply that we believed it to be true. Why is it then, that so often we refuse to unite our efforts with those of others if we believe in united effort? Is it confidence in our own ability? Certainly it cannot be, especially when so many who are asked to help deny the ability.

Nowhere can this maxim be proved better than at school. We must remember though, from our geometry, that the converse proof is just as strong as any other and often is clearer. Such we fear is the proof that is most often seen. How often do we refuse to lend what assistance we can to further the efforts of our schoolmates? We do not stop here, but even when placed upon committees we not only refuse to help, which is bad enough, but even oppose the willing workers. Do we really mean to make the work a failure, because we also believe "that united we stand, divided we fall?" A true cause for this division may not be found, but we certainly see its disastrous effects when anything is attempted that requires co-operation. The plan is either a failure or else it is made a success simply by the untiring labors of a very few. Is this right? Should a few be left to do all the work when it has been assigned to all? There, is perhaps, no general rule that will suit all conditions, but we can each resolve to do to the best of our ability that part assigned to us. If each one would do that, we would have a model school and our strength, according to the united effort, would be truly wonderful. Why can it not be so? Let each one ask herself if she hinders the development of her school.

We are truly thankful that Christmas came at such an inconvenient time as to enable the Board to give us ten days of feasting and frolics.

Another resolution: I shall willingly contribute to the magazine whenever I have an opportunity whether I am specially asked or not.

Be it resolved: That we will show as bright and happy faces after *pitching day* as we did before Christmas.

School Friendships. The grown-up world looks on school friendships with a smile, half contemptuous, half pitying. It says that sentimentality takes the place of true sentiment, true love; that in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, fickleness is the most predominant feature of friendships formed at school.

All that applies to friendships in the world applies to them in school—granted the feeling is sincere. Some of the truest, most lasting friendships have been formed there, and some by such great men as Longfellow, Hawthorne, and Tennyson.

To no one class of people does the word friendship mean more than to school girls. Away from home, everything in their lives centers around their friends. When a girl enters school she makes friends who influence her either for good or evil; her whole character, in fact her whole life, may be completely changed by the influence of a single girl.

In our happy youth how easily attachments are formed! The heart is fresh and unsullied, we have had no great disappointments, we have known no deep remorse,—ready to believe in others and ourselves, eager for all experience, yearning to be glad, and greatest of all, our faith in human nature has not been destroyed. One faces the world with smiling determination and says: "What care I for you? I have youth, and hope, and friends; I will conquer." So in this joyous time, where girls with loving, trustful hearts are thrown together day after day, some beautiful friendships are formed. There

is untiring devotion, unselfishness even to self-sacrifice, helpfulness in every possible way,—everything it takes to constitute a real friendship.

All school friendships cannot thus be described. Many a girl has been brought down from a high plane of living and thinking by the influence of someone who had an attraction for her and who pretended to be her friend. Some girls place implicit confidence in others; they turn their souls wrong-side-outwards to the new friend only to find that they have chosen quickly and foolishly; that those whom they thought so well suited to be their friends are entirely different from what they first seemed. A girl may seek the friendship(?) of another because she has money, or perhaps can give her a coveted social position, or has friends whom she wishes to make her own. Some friendships that seem true and lasting for a while terminate in something akin to hatred. This is a desecration of that which should be sacred. We feel almost like drawing a veil over it all and saying: "If it must be thus it would be better to let each girl attend strictly to her duty and live in a little world of her own," but we are glad this dark side of the picture is not always turned towards us.

There is a certain sadness about it all, for at the longest the best of friends in school can stay together but a little while. No matter how tender the affection between them may be; no matter how keen the pain of parting, they must separate. This does not mean that the friendship must cease, but that sweet intimacy can never again be theirs.

The memory of a beautiful school friendship will linger in the mind always. It will stand out as something sacred; something that makes life fuller, and richer, and better during those brief school days as well as through all the coming years.

"The way to financial ruin is paved with promises to pay," said the business manager of a school magazine in—Kamchatka.

"There seems to be something magical in the atmosphere of January. It changes the gayest loiterer into a hard student."

Try to put some of the joy of Christmas 1905 into every day of the year 1906.

Nothing better expresses our feelings towards General Lee than these lines:

“The greatest gift the hero leaves his race
Is to have been a hero.”

Our Reading Table.

MARK TWAIN'S SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY.

Harper's Weekly, on Dec. 23rd, 1905, published a supplement devoted entirely to the celebration of Mark Twain's seventieth birthday. It is thoroughly interesting from cover to cover, opening with a list of the distinguished members of the "aristocracy of brains" gathered at Delmonico's to do honor to the "Prince of Wits." We almost feel as if we had been eaves-dropping,—every toast and response is given in full.

The many sides of this many-sided man are brought out, and each and every phase of his character seems worthy of honor!

In the beginning a letter was read, from President Roosevelt, in which he honors Clemens the American *citizen*. Following this was a sonnet by William Dean Howells which lauds Clemens the *joker*.

Brander Matthews paid his tribute to Clemens the *humorist* and John Kendrick Bangs dedicated his toast to Clemens the *wit*!

Kate Douglas Riggs, after an able plea for the writers of her own sex, hails Clemens the *mirth-maker*.

Richard Watson Gilder takes for his subject Mark Twain the *man*. He reaches the climax of his tribute in the words, "To my mind, he is chiefly remarkable for the power of his personality; for the energy and spontaneity of his expression; for his strenuous and scornful hates and intense affections; and for his lightning like vision of the shifting scenes in the tremendous tragi-comedy of life. It is, as I have intimated, precisely as a person, as a human being, that he is most entertaining."

Andrew Carnegie dwelt upon Mark Twain the *friend*, and George W. Cable paid a loving tribute to Mark Twain the *companion* and Mark Twain the *artist*. Hamilton W. Mabie called attention to Mark Twain the *historian*. Irving Bacheller

extolled Clemens the *actor* and Hopkinson Smith spoke feelingly of the deep pathos of his writings.

Many poems in his honor were read, together with congratulatory letters and telegrams from absent celebrities.

The most notable speech of the evening was, of course, that of Mark Twain himself. In his own inimitable way he describes his journey through the seventy years of his life, from the humorous account of his first birthday down to the present time.

"I have achieved my seventy years," he said, "in the usual way; by sticking strictly to a scheme of life which would kill anybody else I will offer here as a sound maxim, this: That we can't reach old age by another man's road and I wish to urge upon you: that if you find you can't reach seventy by any but an uncomfortable road, don't you go.

"We have no permanent habits until we are forty. Then they begin to harden, presently they petrify, then business begins.

"Since forty I have been regular about going to bed and getting up and that is one of the main things. I have made it a rule to get up when I had to. This has resulted in an unswerving regularity of irregularity I have made it a rule never to smoke more than one cigar at a time. I have no other restrictions in regard to smoking. Today it is all of sixty years since I began to smoke the limit Since I was seven years old I have seldom taken a dose of medicine, and have seldomer still needed one I have never taken any exercise except resting and sleeping My habits protect my life but they would assassinate you

"Threescore years and ten !

"It is the Scriptural statute of limitations. After that, you owe no active duties; for you the strenuous life is over The previous-engagement plea you can lay aside forever. You need only reply, 'Your invitation honors me, and pleases me because you still keep me in your remembrance, but I am seventy; seventy, and would nestle in the chimney corner and take my rest, wishing you well in all affection and that when you in your turn shall arrive at pier number seventy you may step aboard your waiting ship with a reconciled spirit and lay your course toward the sinking sun with a contented heart.'

We may say with Bangs:

“God give him a year
 For every fear
 His blithesome spirit has turned to cheer !
 God give him a day
 For every ray
 Of light he shed on sorrow's way !
 God give him power
 For every hour
 Of joy he's brought where storm-clouds lower!
 And his seventy years will straightway be
 But the end of a promising infancy ! ”

J. M. T., Argus.

THE NEW KING OF NORWAY.

In spite of our boasted love for things democratic, there is a certain fascination for us all in the “doings of royalty.” So a large part of our interest in the new *kingdom* of Norway centers around the new *king* of Norway and his attractive personality.

The December number of *The Review of Reviews* contains an article on the subject well worth reading.

The Norwegians, on November 12, 1905, asked Prince Charles of Denmark to occupy the ancient throne of Norway, which for more than five hundred years has stood vacant in the Dunheim Cathedral.

The writer of this article, who had known Prince Charles when the latter was a midshipman in the Danish navy, goes on to show why this choice of the Norwegian parliament was a happy one, and says of the new king: “He is by nature well fitted to rule over the stubborn Norsemen, who do not mind the harness so long as they do not feel the whip.”

Besides, the “fact that he is a typical sailor prince is considered a proper and natural connecting link between the old Viking spirit of feudal Norway and her present-day peaceful love of the sea.” “Another circumstance in favor of Charles is that he understands the language of the Norwegian people, and their traditions and history are part of those of his own country.”

“Diplomatically, his family relationship with foreign courts is a political asset by which Norway is destined to benefit in more ways than one.” For there is hardly a crown-head in Europe who is not connected in some way with Norway’s new king. He is the second son of the crown prince of Denmark and hence a grandson of that “father of kings and queens,” King Christian of Denmark; a nephew of the King and Queen of England, the King and Queen of Greece, and the Empress-Dowager of Russia; a cousin of the Czar of Russia; a brother-in-law of Prince Charles of Sweden; and lastly a son-in-law of England’s king. For he married, about ten years ago, Princess Maud Alexandra, “second and favorite daughter” of Edward VII. “Through this marriage he brings with him to the Norse people a practical guarantee that the enormous Norwegian coast line will never lack the protection of the British fleet in time of trouble.”

The new king and queen will be known as “King Haakon the seventh of Norway, and Queen Maud of Norway and Princess of Great Britain and Ireland.”

Charles loses his baptismal name and his hereditary title as a Prince of Denmark, whereas Maud retains both and gets a queenship in the bargain. This is the effect of an old court ordinance in England, which prescribes that a princess of Great Britain and Ireland in marrying shall have the right to append this most envied of all English feminine titles to whatever name or title she may receive by marriage.

“The couple have a two year old son, Alexander, who will be crowned prince of Norway, and who as king will bear the title of Harold IV, as the Harolds and the Haakons, it has been decided, will alternate on Norway’s court roster.”

Says another magazine of recent date, in speaking of Charles: “His wife adores him—but who does not?”

And so, it would seem, Norway has chosen well, and we will twist our democratic tongues to cry: “Long live King Haakon!”

POE AND THE HALL OF FAME.

“Unto the charnel Hall of Fame
The dead alone should go:
Then write not there the living name
Of Edgar Allan Poe.”—*Father Tabb.*

In Current Literature for December we notice a very interesting article, or rather review of discussions, concerning “Edgar Allan Poe and the Hall of Fame.”

It seems that out of the fifty-one votes required to elect him to the New York Hall of Fame, Poe received only forty-three. Many other prominent names were omitted, but says the article in question: “Press discussion of the new election centers, for the most part, on the exclusion of Poe. Chancellor MacCracken, of New York University, evidently feels that the vote needs some explanation. In making the list public, he denied that Poe’s private character had anything to do with the decision, and intimated that the reason for his exclusion was a literary one.”

If we are to judge the verdict of posterity by foreign criticism, we have in Poe a poet of whom America should be proud, and ’tis but natural that his exclusion from the Hall of Fame should occasion press criticism. The San Francisco *Argonaut* thinks that popular opinion agrees with Lowell, that Poe is “three-fifths of him genius and two-fifths mere fudge.” But it adds: “Still genius is so rare that even sixty per cent is a high rating. It seems odd to find Poe excluded when Lowell and Whittier are enrolled in the Hall of Fame.” The St. Louis *Mirror* in unmistakable terms declares: “Poe is our greatest artist of the imagination as Hawthorne is our greatest genius. Both are universal in their appeal and beyond the power of any committee, however parochial, to place or rank them.”

We do not agree with the South Carolina paper which charges the decision to “the venom of sectional prejudice” and yet we believe a certain national or race prejudice lies back of this exclusion of one of America’s greatest geniuses from America’s Hall of Fame.

The Puritan instinct is so strong in the Anglo-Saxon race that it seems impossible for us to do full justice to a man’s

achievements or intellect unless his life meets with our approval. Poe, Byron, and many other writers of genius have suffered at the hands of critics from this cause. We wonder after all if it is "Poe the writer" or "Poe the man" who is excluded from the Hall of Fame.

The London *Spectator* seems to have struck the keynote of the whole situation when it says: "The preference of Whittier to Poe is remarkable, if literary genius is to be taken as a test of merit. It seems to indicate that character is regarded as an indispensable passport to the Hall of Fame, which in that case would more truly be styled the House of Worthies."

V. C. McCUE.

Open Column.

What did the New Year bring you—"Passed," "Not Passed," or "Condition" ?

A BELATED LETTER.

Farmville, Va., Jan. 4, 1906.

Dear "Santy:"—

You're a mighty good man, 'cept you forget sometimes—maybe its 'cause you're getting old.

Anyway, you didn't bring the Normal School that big bell we asked you for. Was it too heavy, or did it make so much noise it scared the reindeer ?

Perhaps you thought we had "belles" enough. So we have—but we want one that will talk loud and distinct at chapel time every morning.

You see, we are late so often because we can't hear the bell.

Never mind, we forgive you this time, hoping that some reader of THE GUIDON will supply our need, thus enabling us to keep our New Year resolution. Wishing you a happy and prosperous New Year,

We are yours, etc.,

(Signed) "THE TOWN GIRLS."

SPOONING.

"Wad some power the gift to gi'e us
To see oursel's as ithers see us."

I wonder if Robbie Burns foresaw the many applications that would be made of these immortal lines ?

This particular case applies to a class of girls most generally known as "spooners." You ask me, "Where are they?" Why look out on the campus, out strolling, at Wade & Cralle's, just anywhere.

Ah! Could you mistake the pair coming? You draw your breath in silent awe and admiration (?) at the manifest devotion—can such *bliss* possibly last? Which is the *plated*, which the sterling silver?

You step aside to let "*It*" pass, for so melted into one soul, one body are they, that you are sure that "Barnum and Bailey's" world famous "Two-Headed Woman" has escaped.

We like spoons that can be separated, spoons that do not become sticky by coming in contact with "sugar."

A whole week has elapsed! Where are the sometime lovers? Another pair approach. One, you have seen linked thus before, but not with this companion. Can your ears deceive you as you hear the same old story told again?

Dear readers, our conclusion is that men are not quite so essential as we thought. Have we not had illustrated, fickleness, blighted affection, and unrequited love? But consolation lies within these words:

"Be still, sad heart, and cease repining,
Behind the cloud the sun's still shining."

Moral—Women cannot sue each other for "breach of promise."

BY THEIR WALK YOU SHALL KNOW THEM.

If we believe "that a woman is known by her walk," we who are connected with the Normal School have rare opportunities for studying the animate and inanimate side of nature. Walking, not the actual exercise, but the manner of doing, it has become such a fad here, a fad carried so far as to call forth the remark that a circus were more suitable for some than the profession of teaching. An outsider standing near the rostrum, and watching certain girls walking into the auditorium is forced to hold his breath for fear lest the next step they make will land them on their heads. There are few girls who walk purely for the love of it; some walk to reduce the flesh; others walk to become fleshy. Again a girl with a lounging gait suggestive of shabbiness, is seen slouching across the campus in a listless way

that assures us she either has no work to do, or if she has she does not like to do it. The monotony of such pictures is sometimes broken by a girl passing with a quick, elastic step. She walks as if she had a purpose in life and gloried in the opportunity to perform it. Unfortunately these pedestrians are few and far between. There is no objection to a girl carrying her head in the air, her shoulders squared, and moving with a quick, dignified bearing; these movements are impelled by strength and determination, a true index of her independence and character. It is often said that however successful an American girl is in other lines, in walking she is a failure. Some walk from choice, some from necessity, but in either case, after a close observation here, it is only fair to conclude that the majority of girls know little about this primitive and almost forgotten art.

M. C. S.

The School of Experience.

Last year I taught in an ungraded school. There were children of all sizes and some of the largest pupils were least advanced, so in the same classes there were both large and small pupils. In one of the spelling lessons we came to the word "microscope." I asked several of the children if they knew what the word meant, and it happened that none of the ones I called on had ever heard of the word. As I was explaining the meaning of the word "microscope" to the class one of the smaller boys raised his hand. "What is it, Willie?" I said, "I know what the definition of that word is, Miss B. I jest thought. A microscope is one of them things what you totes clothes in." E. H.

In the representation of a play the stage setting forms an important part as the play itself. So I shall give you the setting of my story.

Imagine for yourselves an old log cabin with two rooms standing in a broomsedge field,—one room for tobacco, the other for the school.

The school opened on the fifth of October with twenty-one pupils enrolled. The twenty-one represented every known grade of intelligence and advancement; and when seated on the half dozen old benches and several unhewn logs, there appeared to be restless arms and legs enough to supply a school population of at least a hundred. A great open fire warmed half the body, while the opposite side froze. But most of the window panes were in and there was plenty of water to drink. There was no reading chart and few books; however, a small blackboard did service for teaching the gymnastics of the word method.

Time went on and little by little a measure of success crowned the teacher's patient efforts. But you wish to hear the funny

side, and that does not lie in the humdrum line of steady improvement.

When learning to read the forms of the personal pronouns a small boy persisted in calling "me" "you."

"No, Joe, that is um-e, *me*."

"That's what I say, Miss Mary; I say 'twas you."

Another time the word "girl" was written and then identified by Joe a number of times. Finally Miss Mary said, "Now Joe, I shall write a great big one, as big as Miss Mary (writing the girl in huge letters). Now, what is that?" Joe's prompt reply was, "Woman."

After a number lesson—"John, when you go home I wish you would count all the rosebushes in your garden."

"Umph! dey ain't no count dis time of de year."

The little teacher thought she must instill her own religious principles into their irreverent young heads, so with all her heart she talked to them of our Father's loving care. The omnipresence of God first struck young incredulity. "Miss Mary, is God everywhere—in this house—on that table—am I settin' on God?"

No answer is recorded.

One hopeful had a propensity to kick and squall whenever his angry passion rose. Miss Mary resorted to an appeal to his conscience and the little fellow was soon reduced to a state of tearful penitence.

"Now," she said, "you must remember, when you kick and squall in that manner it is the Devil in you that makes you do so." A sudden inspiration illumined his face.

"Den, Miss Mary, I'm going to jink (drink) water and jown (drown) him."

E. C. V.

(*Exeunt all.*)

Y. M. C. A. Notes.

THE fifth annual convention of the Young Women's Christian Associations of the Virginias was held in the Methodist church of Morgantown, West Virginia, December eighth to tenth. The convention was entertained by the people of the town, who not only received them into their homes but into their very home-life. There was a larger representation than ever before from the colleges and schools of the two states. This number included many members of the faculties of these schools. This was a very encouraging feature. The representatives from Farmville were Miss Woodruff, Miss Coulling and Flora Thompson.

The spirit of earnestness pervading the Convention was very marked. The leaders came with the purpose of giving a message from God. The delegates came eager to learn more of the "high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

Miss Mary Woodruff, chairman of the state executive committee, was the presiding officer, Miss Helen Coale, traveling secretary of the Virginias, led the Students' Conferences; and Miss Helen Barnes, national city secretary, represented the American Committee.

Miss Woodruff's report was very encouraging. There had been great progress in every line of Association work. More than thirty associations in colleges and schools and one city association are now affiliated with the state committee. For the ensuing year, a secretary has been called for nine months and a bi-monthly paper will be issued.

Miss Mildred Mitchell, secretary of the city work, Danville, Virginia, spoke Friday afternoon on "Our First City Association." She now has entrance to four factories and holds noon services and Bible classes in each. There is a noticeable difference in the manner in which the secretary was first received

by the girls and the way they now receive her. At first, they were indifferent, but now they welcome her gladly.

Dr. Robert A. Armstrong, of the West Virginia University, led the Bible study class. He taught two lessons from the book of Philippians, setting forth the great truths contained in this Epistle.

Dr. Cox, of the University in Morgantown, presided over the faculty conference. Much interest was manifested in Association work on the part of those present.

The student conferences were very informal. The subjects discussed were Bible study, mission study, and personal work. Here the girls felt free to speak of their failures, successes and aims. The discussion of personal work was especially helpful, and many girls went away feeling that their Associations would, in the future, be stronger because they themselves had found the true secret of Association work—winning girls to Christ by personal effort.

Saturday morning was given up to the discussion of missions. Dr. McIlhany, general secretary of the Y. M. C. A. at the University of Virginia, made a strong address on "The Student Volunteer Movement," emphasizing the importance of representation at the Student Volunteer Convention, held in Nashville, Tennessee, February, 1906. Mrs. John Lloyd, of Lynchburg, Virginia, made a talk on "Mission Study," presenting the work in a very impressive manner. Miss Martha Coulling, corresponding secretary of the state committee, told the Convention about Miss Lela Guitner, the secretary in India, who is supported by contributions from the South. At the close of this talk, pledges were made for Miss Guitner's salary.

An address was given each evening at eight o'clock. Friday evening, Dr. Stoetzer, of Fairmount, West Virginia, spoke on "The Purpose of Bible Study," and on Saturday evening, Miss Barnes spoke on "The Young Women's Christian Association, a power in world-wide evangelization."

Two gospel meetings were held Sunday afternoon that were most helpful. Miss Barnes led the one for women, and Dr. McIlhany the one for men.

Dr. Charles Erdman, of Germantown, Pennsylvania, preached the sermon to the Convention Sunday night. There was a union service of all the churches, and the large auditorium and lecture room of the Methodist church were filled. Dr. Erdman's theme was "A Spirit-filled Life" and his text was, "Be filled with the Spirit," Eph. 5:18. He emphasized the thought that a life filled with the Holy Spirit is nothing unnatural, but the right and privilege of every Christian. After the sermon, Miss Coale led the impressive farewell service. After the testimonies had been given, the delegates sang the convention hymn, "Blest be the tie that binds."

The University Association gave a reception to the convention Friday evening. On Saturday, the ladies of the churches of the town served a dainty but substantial luncheon in the dining-room of the Methodist church, and Saturday evening the Y. M. C. A. of the University invited the whole Convention to one of their entertainments.

The hearty co-operation of the pastors of the leading churches of Morgantown strengthened the influence of the Convention. A deep religious spirit pervaded the meetings at all times. Many of those present realized more fully than ever before the privileges and responsibilities of a Christian life. Much permanent good throughout the Associations of the two states must be the result of such a Convention.

The Christmas meeting of the Y. W. C. A. was held December 23. As only a few girls stayed over for the holidays, the meeting was held in the reception hall. The girls gathered around the piano, and felt much more at home in this room, made cosy by bright rugs and plants, than they would have felt in the auditorium. The subject was "The Brotherhood of Man." Nearly every girl was present, and every one enjoyed the meeting. The joy the Christ-child brought to the world so long ago seemed to be in every heart, and His spirit was in the meeting from the first glad note of praise to the sweet, low benediction.

Mrs. Cochran led the Morning Watch on Sunday. Truly the beautiful spirit of brotherhood prevailed in the household

that morning, for at Mrs. Cochrain's feet sat the school-girls and back on the stairs the servants were assembled. She read the story of the Babe of Bethlehem, and the girls sang some of the old Christmas hymns. The simple service was instructive and impressive.

Alumnae Notes.

The marriage of Elizabeth Watkins to Mr. Harry Ruthford Houston, took place Wednesday evening, December 29, 1905, at St. John's church, Hampton, Virginia. As Mr. Houston is in the Legislature, they will make their home, for this year, in Richmond.

Lou Chewning, now Mrs. S. F. Harper, is living at Saluda, Virginia.

Zaidee Smith, who has a school in Nelson County, visited the Normal on Wednesday, Jan. 3.

Eleanor Abbitt is teaching at Scottsville, Virginia, which is near her home.

Merrie Verser spent Christmas at her home, Rocky Mount, N. C. She is teaching at Newport News, Virginia.

Jessie Finke is substituting in the Salem Graded School.

Mrs. S. Barnett, nee Miss Lelia Harvey, who graduated from the Normal and then taught there, is now living in New Orleans. Her husband has the chair of Science at Tulane University, Louisiana.

Annie Hapes Cunningham spent the holiday season in Washington. She has a position in the third and fourth grades of the graded school in Manning, S. C.

Eva Hetrick, class June '04, is teaching in the Public School at Farmville, Va.

E. Kellogg Holland has a school in Burlington, N. C.

Louise Vaughan spentⁿ Christmas at her home in Prince Edward. She is teaching at Sunnyside, Cumberland county, Va.

Marie Etheridge has a school near her home at Saint Brides, Norfolk county, Va.

Nellie Smithey is teaching at Sabost Hill, Virginia.

Ruby Leigh, class June '99, has a school at Clairmont, Va. Della Lewis, of the same class, is her assistant.

Mrs. Dr. Hundley, whom we knew as Laura Carter, is living at Newport News, Va.

Pauline Harris, now Mrs. A. E. Richardson, has her home at Dinwiddie Court House.

Jokes.

Dr. S-a-s: "Now, Miss W—, you may tell me something of the worship among the Greeks."

C-r-n-l-a W-l-s-n: "They used to write prayers on tablets and set them on the grave of Zeus."

.

Some questions the Physiology class has not yet answered:

1. "Who can point out clearly the likeness existing between the law of gravitation and a sweet potato?"

2. "Certainly your ancestors were monkeys. How can you young ladies fail to recognize a fact so apparent to others?"

3. "What is the difference between feeling sad and feeling sand-paper?"

.

Dr. S-a-r-s: "Mention some Quakers who was opposed to slavery."

Miss B-o-e-s (who was otherwise engaged): "Roger Williams and— — !!! x x — — Oh !!!"

.

J-n-n-e B-il-l-y, preparing for a history test: "Oh, yes, I had almost forgotten that Polyphenus was the last king of Athens?"

.

HAD NOT MET HER.

Mary, on entering a room where two girls were studying for a test, heard them discussing Joan of Arc: "Well, she must be a new girl, for I haven't met her!"

F-l-o-c- B-r-: "Say, Annie, this certainly is good ham; is it beef or pork ham?"

.

F-o-a C-h-y: "Margaret, can you tell me where I can find *Tennyson's* 'As you Like It'? I have looked this whole room over for it!"

.

N-l-l-e B-a-w-i-t: "Well, doesn't *simultaneous* mean under ground?"

.

Head of the Table: "I wonder why M— didn't come to supper?"

M-l-l-e Th-a-v-s: "Why, she is in the infirmary. She is just financially broken down. She has a dreadful cold."

Notes of Local Interest.

The Christmas vacation was very much enjoyed by all the students, the majority of the girls having spent the holidays at home. Those who remained at school report a most pleasant time. A number of dances, teas, and a Christmas tree, were given for their pleasure and all the girls feel much refreshed by the pleasant vacation.

Mrs. Mattoon, of Chester, N. C., spent the holidays with her son, Mr. J. Chester Mattoon.

Miss Elsie Gwyne spent the Christmas vacation at Springdale, N. C.

Miss M. W. Coulling and Miss Lulie Winston were with their home people in Richmond for the vacation.

Miss Carrie Sutherlin spent the holidays at her home in Sutherlin, Va.

Mr. Campbell C. Cochran, of Big Stone Gap, visited his mother, Mrs. Jane K. Cochran, on Tuesday, December 19.

Miss Lucy Wheelock, of Boston, was the guest of Miss Mary V. Blandy, at Mrs. Berkeley's, during the holidays.

Mr. S. H. Thompson, of Bluefield, W. Va., visited his daughters, Flora and Lillian, December 21 and 22.

Miss Lila London spent the Christmas vacation with her family in Roanoke.

Miss Laura King Hills was the Christmas guest of Miss Grace Holmes in Washington.

Miss Marie Whiting visited her sister at Knoxville, Tenn., during the holidays.

Misses Lancaster and Smithey were at their homes in Ashland for the vacation.

Miss Mary St. Clair Woodruff spent the holidays with her home folks in Anniston, Alabama.

Miss Mary Clay Hiner was at home in McDowell, Va., for the Christmas vacation.

The Misses Andrews spent the holidays at their home in La Fayette, Alabama.

A beautiful Normal School calendar has been issued by the Young Women's Christian Association girls, in the interest of the building fund.

Congressman Stanley of Kentucky and ex-Congressman Allen of Tennessee, accompanied by Dr. W. E. Anderson of the board of trustees, Mayor W. T. Blanton, and Councilman W. T. Doyne of Farmville, visited the different departments of the Normal School, Tuesday, December 19.

Miss Martha W. Coulling and Miss Mary St. Clair Woodruff, of the faculty, and Miss Flora Thompson, representing the student body, attended the annual meeting of the Young Women's Christian Association, at Morgantown, W. Va., Dec. 8-10.

Miss Alice Dugger attended the meeting of the Library Association in Richmond, December 23.

Dr. James S. Miller, professor of Mathematics at Emory and Henry College, was the guest of Dr. Jarman, Dec. 20 and 21.

The senior A and senior B classes entertained the juniors, the faculty and the home department of the Normal School, in the cheery kindergarten rooms, Friday evening, December 8.

Miss Florence Ingram, president of the senior B's, and Miss Isa McKay Compton, president of the senior A's, were the especial hostesses of the evening. A program of recitations and songs appropriate to the evening afforded amusement and enjoyment. Delightful refreshments were served.

Dr. and Mrs. Messinger entertained the Senior B. Seminar, on Tuesday evening, December 12. First a very interesting and profitable program on "The Use and Abuse of Christmas" was well carried out. Then duty done, games, songs, school yells were enjoyed. Delicious refreshments were served and enjoyed as only school girls can.

One of the most enjoyables social functions of this month, was a delightful reception given by the Sigma Sigma Sigma Sorority, to the other three Sororities on the evening of December 9.

A series of card parties were enjoyed by the members of the faculty who remained in Farmville for the holidays.

One of the most enjoyable of the Christmas entertainments was an afternoon tea, given by Miss Henrietta Dunlap and Steptoe Campbell. Room No. 1 was converted into the coziest of bachelor-girl dens, beautifully decorated with pennants, pictures and potted plants and artistically draped with garlands and wreathes of holly. Not one guest fortunate enough by being asked was absent at the "at Home" on Thursday afternoon. Miss Steptoe Campbell gracefully presided and assisted by Miss Henrietta Dunlap, served fragrant cups of teas with wafers, fruit and candies to Miss Martha Coulling, Miss Helen Coale, Miss Flora Thompson and Miss Isa Compton.

(Taken from the Times-Dispatch.)

The Cunningham Literary Society entertained the Argus Literary Society, the faculty and the members of the home department at a beautiful Christmas reception Friday evening December 15. The handsome reception hall was made still

more attractive and inviting by graceful garlands of green with wreaths of mistletoe and holly. After greeting the officers of the society, Misses Isa Compton, Rhea Scott, Nellie Baker, Pauline Williamson, Frances Munden, the guests were invited to join in several games appropriate to the season. They were then honored by a visit from jolly old Santa Claus, delightfully impersonated by Miss Vergie Newman. After cheery Christmas greetings and good wishes to his "good children" he distributed to all from his generous pack tiny stockings filled with candy. He presented to the Argus Literary Society a book for their library, which was received by Miss Nell Ingram, the president, with a few well-chosen words of thanks. The dining room doors were then thrown open and another form of Christmas cheer was dispensed from tables decorated with tiny Christmas trees ablaze with lights. In the center of the table appeared a ruddy, jovial Santa Claus, coming out of the top of a chimney.

Exchanges.

The Southern Collegian is well divided between fiction and solid reading. Most commendable is an essay entitled, "The Crime of Lawlessness." It is indeed an able discussion of what threatens every phase of American life. We agree with the author that the "only remedy.....lies in the awakening of the American voter to a proper discharge of his duty to himself, his country and his God." Also worthy of mention is the article on "Socialism." It is very evident to us that the contributors to *The Collegian* are men of the present hour. We think it would be well if more of our magazines would take up current topics for discussion.

On our exchange table are two numbers of *The Virginian*. Both are fairly good. "Will Shakespeare" in the November issue and "The Fortunes of War" in the December are the two articles most worthy of mention.

"The Iron Cross" in the November number of *The Palmetto* is a well written story. It shows originality and a fine sense of humor. "The Freshman" depicts with force the atmosphere of a college reception. The author has made us feel the condescension the poor freshman meets with from his fellow students, thereby increasing our enjoyment of the heroine's discomfiture when she discovers that her particular "Freshman" is much more than a "wretched specimen with a red tie."

The October number of *The Gray Jacket*, as a whole, is good; a little fiction, however, would have given the magazine a more finished flavor. "Plymouth" is an especially good article. The author has described the minutest detail of his trip with a wholesome simplicity, revealing thereby real art. Throughout we see the writer's nature strikingly revealed in his

unspoiled boyish enthusiasm. Worthy of mention, too, is an article entitled, "America's Inheritance." This is a clear and relatively brief exposition of the place America holds in the life of the world. We heartily concur with the following statement of the author, "While America honors woman, reveres virtue and remains Christian she shall lead." A strong, stirring appeal to the student body for greater literary activity appears among the editorials.

The Emory and Henry Era for December opens with a story, "Uncle Lije—A Diplomat." The title is well chosen and though the story lacks a definite plot our interest is held throughout, for the most part from curiosity concerning Uncle Lije's next move. A story of an entirely different type is "A Vision and its Sequel." The plot is well carried out from an artistic standpoint. On the subject, "Resolved, that the Treaty of Portsmouth is more advantageous to Russia than to Japan," two speeches, one on the affirmative and one on the negative, are given. Both sides are ably defended,—from the territorial and financial standpoint. The poetry is very good indeed.

The best thing in *The Monthly Chronicle* is the little poem, "A Song of Christmas Tide." "During the Holidays" contains the material for a good story, but the author lacks the art of story-telling.

We have also received *The Tattler*, *The War Whoop*, the November number of the *Gray Jacket* and the December number of the *Southern Collegian*.

From Other Magazines.

CAVE CANEM !

Cave Canem !

So ran the warning at the doors of Rome,
A warning deeper than the simple words,
A caution that the visitor take heed
That in his heart was lodged no secret thought,
To call a Roman vengeance on his head;
Take heed that to the master of the house
He prove full true in deed as well as word,
Or else the fury of a Roman's wrath
Would wield the falchion of a Roman's power.
All this they meant, those words, "Beware the dog!"

Cave Canem !

So runs the warning at tradition's doors:
Take heed that in your heart no wild revolt
Flame up against the masters of the age,—
The masters of tradition's stately halls,
Wherein the great thoughts of the stored;
Visit you may, but come with due respect,
Violate no dread canon of the house,
Let not your thought rebel at this or that
Blind worship of a wornout theory;
Lest all the heaped-up hatred of all time
For what is not conventional, old and dear
To generations of poor gropers, dead
For centuries, should hurl itself upon you:
It is tradition's house and venerable,
They !—they are masters;—you—"Beware the dog."
—*The Southern Collegian.*

Special M. H. wants to know if ex-governor McSweeney will always be ex-governor McSweeney.—*The Palmetto*.

The Prince Consort of Zenobia, seeing Carpenter with dog and gun, remarked, "He must be a great hunter."—*Gray Jacket*.

"The brook murmured softly along,
While the jay-bird sang a song.
Then up the hill came Jack and Jill
And hit the jay-bird on the bill."—*Ex.*

Davis, R. L. (in class) —Professor, by whom and when was Natural Bridge designed?—*Gray Jacket*.



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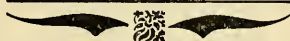
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